## Ishmael Dana Hayden—June 3 1949 to February 21 2026—Obituary by Dana

*Written by Dana October 5, 2020. Stored in escrow until his death by Amanuensis*

Ishmael Dana Hayden (a name of his invention) has died. Where did he go when his carbon-based life form ceased to be? Nobody who had even a glance at his persona would hazard a guess. Consider this—he had this printed on business cards, and would hand them out to likely acolytes:

"My name is Dana and Danaism is here. Danaism, the watchword and the soul ingot of the ego supreme is no longer of the past or the future. Born in the Torndule galaxy and incubated in modern Siam, it now flies on gossamer wings of cut crystal cult to every corner of the world. Gather at the shore and wait for the signal and we will wade back in Time together. Your briny immolation in Danaism will set you free, and your love of me will cut the cord to the human species. The trivial social experiment on Earth called people is over. It peaked with me. Now we can leave the lab and return to simpler times and colored cosmic gases. Reverse evolution: you and me. Gather at the shore and wait for the signal. I will take you to a Land of Smiles beyond your most fevered imaginings. I will deliver to you the Madness of Love and you will know what it means to be on the Road to Poona. That is my promise to you."

Dana was not like other men. His life was lived in a private place called his mind. His life equation had value, even though it was incomprehensible to others. His mind was a diamond that could not be cut or altered. As a child he only found adults interesting, so there was no childhood filled with children for him. As an adult, he did not notice children until he was forty. He did not consider women for mating until he was fifty. In his late fifties, he invented a family so that he would have a family. There was a blind wife named Julia, a sister-in-law named June, and two little girls ages two and four. Father-in-law and mother-in-law were called Fred and Susan. His fictional family gave him a great deal of happiness.

His days and nights were full of dreams. Day dreams and night dreams of aesthetics, small boat maritime matters, astronomy, cosmology, sex, physics, nature, writing, literary issues, etc. Right brain—left brain, guy stuff—girl stuff: everything qualified as a potential subject of interest. Following through on all of these dreams required money, but he lacked modern job skills to finance his dreams. He hated work and stopped at a young age.

He lived in his head and sacrificed most everything else to retain dominion over that. His end-stage cancer filled him with rage and self-pity. His was a lonely road. He wanted to ask, to ponder, to consider, to speculate. He infuriated people. He lived like a turtle. He was no hugger. Many of his final dreams were of violence.

The most rewarding part of his life was the ten-year period when he wrote fiction, non-fiction, autobiography, memoir, essays, literary criticism, and doggerel for a website that highlighted westerners' experiences in Thailand. Lay readers found some of the content offensive, but writers were impressed. He made weekly contributions for ten years. These were his happiest years.

Ishmael Dana Hayden was the Great Gatsby of his life, staring at the green light across the water.

It was lonely at the end of the dock.